

Funeral Singers

Third Eye Blind

A little narcotic warm on me
What will I do without the weight of you?
Funeral singers wail
Charity fails, whose child are you now?

The lighthouse keeper
Grazed the lip, spread like a fog
Stood in the weather and prayed for a push, but
It doesn't take the jump again tonight

The book is aching for the tree
Return, return, return to me
All my friends, all my friends
All my friends are weeds and rain
All my friends are half-gone birds
Are magnets, all my friends are words
All my friends, all my friends are
Funeral singers, funeral singers
Wailing

A spark is aching for the light
Return, return, return tonight
All my friends, all my friends
All my friends are keeping time
All my friends have just quit trying
All my friends, all my friends are
Funeral singers, funeral singers
Funeral singers
Wailing
Wailing

A spark is aching for the light
Return, return, return tonight
All my friends, all my friends
All my friends are keeping time
All my friends have just quit trying
All my friends, all my friends are
Funeral singers, funeral singers
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